ALL-NEW ULTIMATES®

ULTIMATE MARVEL NOW!

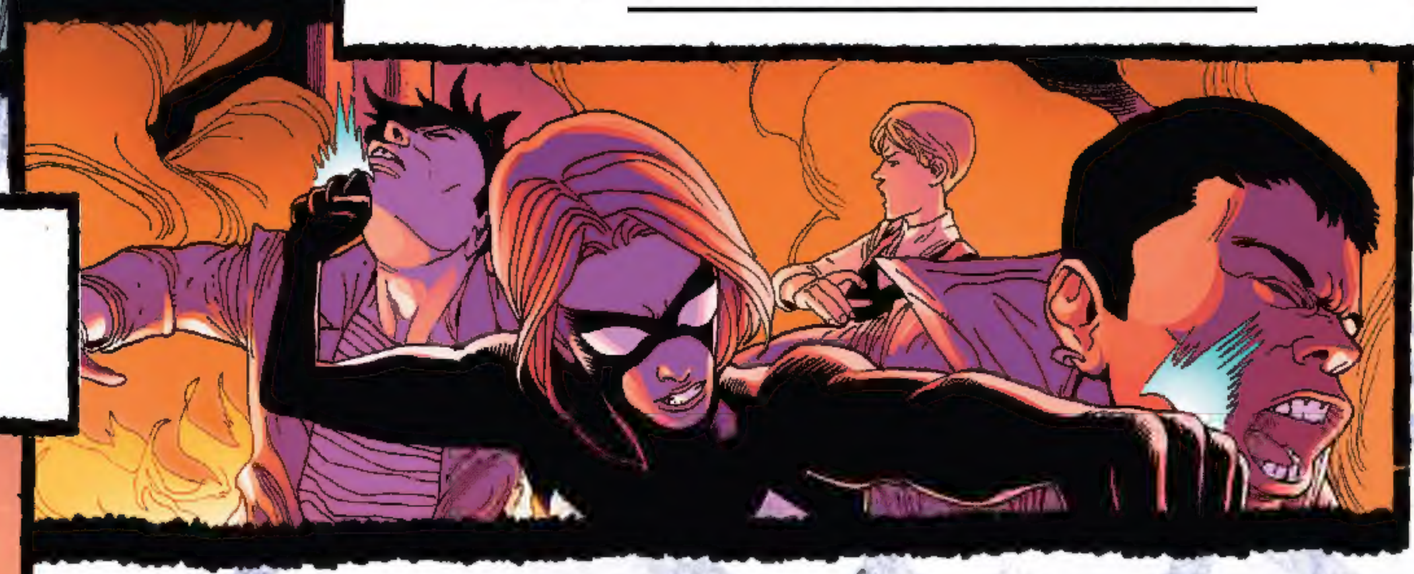
FIFFE
PINNA
WOODARD

010

ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

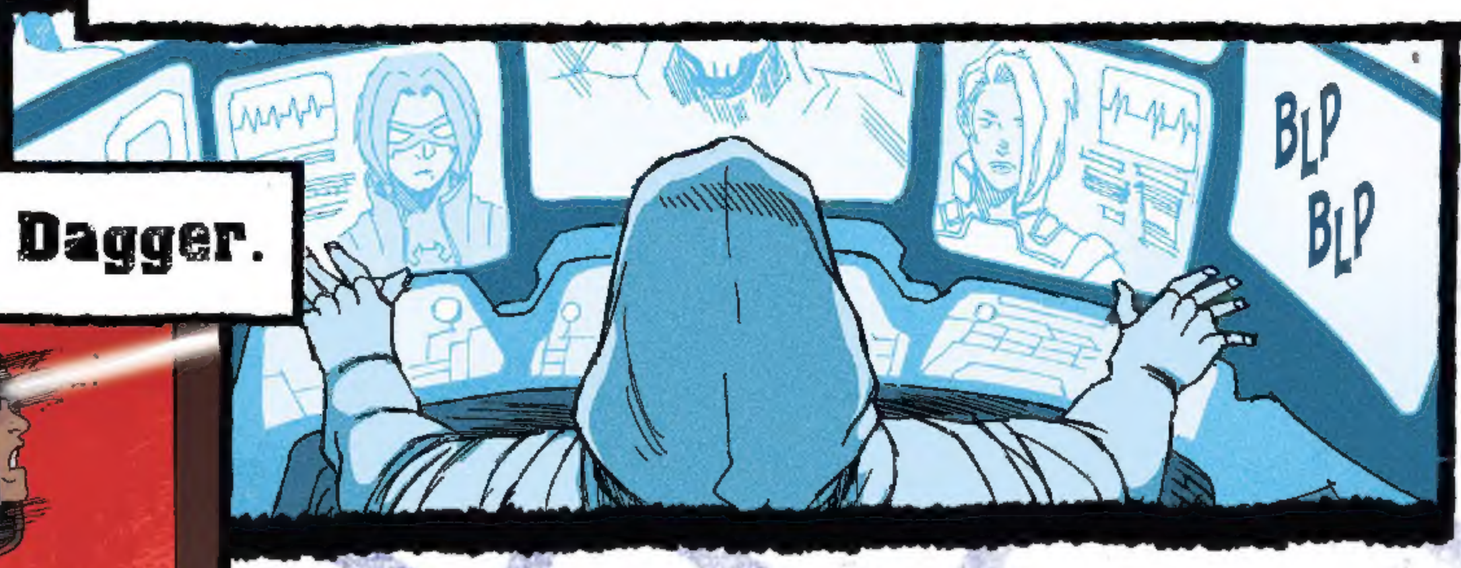
THE ULTIMATES have been cleaning up New York's streets in the wake of the Galactus attack.

They took down the drug-gang, the SERPENT SKULLS.

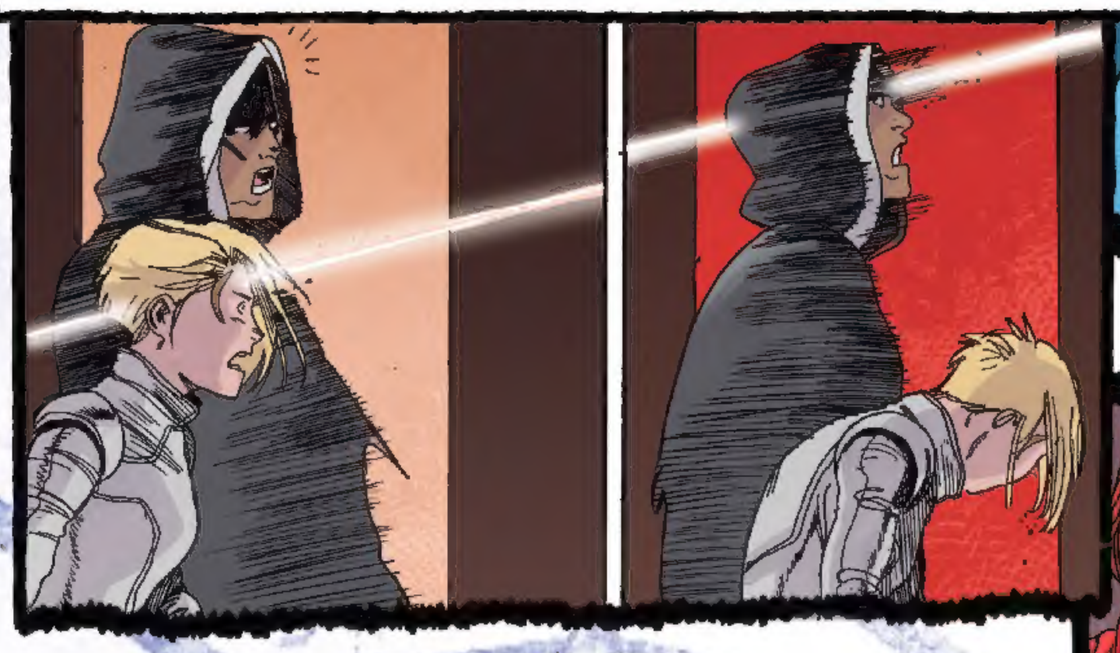


Afterwards, BOMBSHELL freaked and quit the team.

But while all this has been going on, someone sinister has been tracking them.



He already shot Cloak and Dagger.



Who's next?

NO GODS, NO MASTERS PART 1

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I had the chance to give it all up without anyone noticing. I had my *out*, and yet here I am.

BOMBSHELL

a.k.a. Lana Baumgartner.

"Hi, gang! How's it goin'?" Hmm...

"Oh, hey, it's me-- I'm back!" Uh...

This is supposed to feel a little more natural. It's my big comeback-- my big moment!

Maybe I don't *want* a big moment.

"What's going on, y'all?"

My God, what am I doing? I can't do this. *And* I look *terrible*. I just wanna be a normal girl...

...says the girl on parole with explosive powers.

"Ready to rock?"

Just get it over with... *ugh*. Time to stop being so nervous and give this super hero thing one more shot.

I guess I don't look *so* bad.

And I should call first, maybe? Go, go, go-- before you lose your nerve, girl.

Or I could *not* go at all! I can always be a super hero tomorrow. Or never! How about never?

We save a bunch of lives, but we lose a few...

...and when I think about how ugly and random it all is, I can't help but question...

...what difference do I even make anyway?

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

All clear?

One more sec...seat belt jammed...

Okay, we got it!

SPIDER-MAN
a.k.a. Miles Morales.

THUD

That coulda-- that coulda been bad. You--

Just don't forget me when you mail out holiday cards, sir.

DOINK

Yo, Spidey!

You!

Me!

What are you-- *wait!*

I'm taking you in to the station!

I'm not running away! Just don't web me! You'll ruin this coat!

Diamondback, ex-Serpent Skulls mini-boss.

Let's go.

No! Please, not now!

C'mon, you're not even gonna hear me out?

You're kidding, right? I shouldn't even be talking to you, Diamondback.

Look, Spidey, I know we're supposed to be mortal enemies and all that--but I'm in trouble--*real* trouble.

And I need your help.

I didn't *have* to call you over if I didn't think you'd be cool about this. Kinda hard to miss you helping with that crash...

...and I didn't know what else to do.

Well...

Fine.

Cool. Let's get out of here--as much as I like hanging out in a dirty alleyway.

It's where we first met.

Check *you* out, Mr. Romantic!

I have a girlfriend, y'know.

You don't *talk* like you have a girlfriend. I'm really into those tights, by the w--

Thank you!

Seriously, I can't stay in one spot for too long. I got creeps looking for me--cops, too. Can we at least talk somewhere private?

What are you talking about? That cheek tattoo helps you blend in pretty well.

It's actually a marker drawing, genius.

Wait... really?

Nope. Not really.

Er... I knew that.

I didn't even wanna ***be*** in a gang, but fighting is all I know how to do. I mean, how else am I gonna help my sick sister, y'know?

Get a job and stop stabbing people with diamonds?

Easier said.

Look, the Skulls are disbanded and all...

...but we broke the gang truce, and now they ***all*** want revenge.

Out of the way already, Diamondback, jeez. Ruining your own plan over here.

Bounties on these guys are so big, there's bound to be others after them.

So now they're going for my family. I don't want my little *nena* hurt. I need help protecting them.

I just want to do right by my family, to do good...but...

...but I'm afraid I'm too bad to be good.

No, I can't--!

Over the mask tongue... ***interesting.***

Wait-- I--

SSSTHP

TASKMASTER!

Here...

...let me give you a hand with your *girlfriend.*

KR-POW

...suckered... I-like a chump...

Don't blame her, Spider-boy. I've never even seen her before now.

This was *all* me.

SSSTHP

$+#@?!

SIDEWINDER, ex-Serpent Skulls mini-boss.

CHELSEA. JESSICA DREW'S APARTMENT.

So does this mean you're back on the grid, Kitty?

I guess! The hype from Galactus* has died down. No one cares as much...

...even though they totally should.

Y'know, they're on to the next big shiny thing.

BLACK WIDOW
a.k.a. Jessica Drew

KITTY PRYDE
Famous mutant leader.

*See **Cataclysm #5!** -Encyclopedic Emily

Do you have everything?

Yes, don't worry, Miss Neat Freak.

Pfft. The way Ty and Tandy hang out, I've had to get over my O.C.D. tendencies. Or at least swallow them 'til they leave.

Wait a minute--are you ***quitting*** the team?

Say no! At least be a reserve member!

We have reserves?

We will now! We'll have branches! Queens Ultimates, West Coast Ultimates.

All-New Great Lakes Ultimates!

It rolls off the tongue.

No, I'm not quitting, dummy!

C'mon, Jess, I haven't really been staying here. I just think it's safe to go back to my house...hang out with my mom more often.

All right, then! All right.

Jeez, can I live?

Nope.

KREEEEAAK

SSSTHP

SSSTHP

You're not even going to invite me in?

Just like that, *canned...*

All of us, off the force for "*violating strict mandates regarding street gangs.*" We got railroaded off the Scourge case.

PFH

O'REILLY'S PRIVATE GYM.

We were an *anti-gang unit, O'Reilly*...what did... they expect?

What's Brooks gonna do? Go back to teaching high school? And S&M is the only other thing Dennis is good for.

PFHH

He *does* like to bark orders. Or was that...spitting on people?

Hah! He loves both, I think.

Terry Schreck, reanimated after slain. Ex-detective.

Brigid O'Reilly, ex-detective.

It's been years since... I've been here, y'know. In your apartment.

Years, that's right. Whatever happened to staying friends after breaking up? You always made excuses to dodge my invites.

And look at me now.

All it took was... coming back from the dead.

Better late than never.

You're not seeing your current roommate, are you--

Terry!

What? That's how *we*--

She's not my type. She's just...just...

Oh, crap. Who's going to pay rent now?

She... unemployed, too?

Dammit. This can't be *it.*

They chumped us, Terry. They gave us that bobo case with those Styx and Stone losers...

Which caused me...to become this. I thought I had self-image problems before...

Stop it.

Use 'em. Call in the troops and let's go nail... I dunno...*someone.* Scourge is still on the loose... right?

Let's do our own thing.

Brigid... I got an idea... you still have access to all that unregistered gear we kept accumulating?

Uh...yes, actually. Haven't added to the pile in a while but yeah, I still have access.

Let's go rogue.

DELADIER TOWER, UPTOWN.

I understand... no...listen, no worries. We'll recover the account somehow. Please enjoy your trip to Geneva. Give the board my regards. Haha, okay...I'll see you when you get back, Austin.

Crrough crrough

Vernon, be a doll and get in touch with Mr. James Bourne for a kill job. Give him Austin's dates in the Metropole Hotel.

KAHHCrrouKH

And get the gentleman a handkerchief and some sanitizer, would you?

Good lord, Jip. I told you to take care of that last week. You sound like a wet bag of garbage.

Ecstasy, a.k.a. Renee Deladier.

MR. JIP. Ecstasy's 2nd in command.

I suppose that accidentally inhaling an ***entire shipment of experimental narcotics*** isn't good for one's--

Spare me the prognosis.

Continue telling me about the Hell's Kitchen account.

Our contract included a sub-avenue for local arms channeling and drug farming. But with that...recent Spider-Man warehouse incident...

...the one where affiliates were incarcerated *en masse* in a large-scale street gang bust...

You're losing me, Jip...

Brock is M.I.A.

Our most valuable inside man is, for all intents and purposes, ***dead.***

Morons... I'm working with morons...

At least tell me *the Ultimates* are dead.

I don't like lying to you.

Out of commission, then? Broken up, for God's sake?

They had considerable sway even before I called in some favors with the police commissioner.

Is it really that difficult to put down a bunch of *kids?* I mean, *really.*

As if Roxxon's going to refund me the money these children cost me! *Now* you tell me Rumlow's not even our trump card anymore...

COUGH COUGH--

Oh, my lord. What was *in* those drugs, anyway? I can't believe--

Excuse me--

coughCOUGH-- HURKKRKL--

No-- *NO!* Not on the table!

Ms. Deladier, would you mind-- calling an ambulance for me? I can't-- seem to feel my arms.

Sometimes I feel like a villain at heart or something. Can't shake the stigma of being an ex-criminal, which sucks, but it's the truth.

Too young to know any better. It was how me and my mom bonded. Partners in crime.

No, that's not fair. We've had better moments than that.

I'll be up front. One of them is missing...the explosive one.

I *did* catch something I think you'd be interested in. I don't need to tell you who Kitty Pryde is, do I?

That's right, she's part of the snag. The world's most famous catch. Yeah, I know...

CHELSEA. JESSICA DREW'S APARTMENT.

I *know* she wasn't in the original contract, but all I'm asking is *triple the fee.* I'll even throw in an extra body.

Really big, important moments. But for some reason, they're not coming to me.

But my mom *did* tell me to follow my instincts. She drove that home. I used to get so tired of her telling me that over and over like that was the only piece of advice she ever had.

321

320

What do you mean no deal?

Uh...

Only thing in this world we can really trust is our instinct, she said.

KNOCK KNOCK

Jess?

Hah, it was *her* instincts that turned us into a mother/daughter crime outfit.

Who...

CHK-KLAK

...is it?

Some instincts.

THRUUROOM

KRNCH

Hurrrk--!

Taskmaster! What the *hell* are you doing here?!

CHOOMM

Jess! Kitty! Dead--better not be dead!

Come now. Let's make this easy.

Wait, how's he--those are *my powers.*

Okay, this is *me* making it easy...

THRSHKHROMM

C'mon out, you *#@*%!

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

You hear me? I said--

...

Damn!

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

OUTSIDE.

KRAKOOM

Were those... explosions?

Come on... come on...

Don't know who that dude was-- *nff*--but this is payback for messing up my shot at Spidery.

Heh...Fancy as this ride is-- it's all the same on the...

CLK

...inside...

You're no good to me dead so stay put, kids...

...I'll be right back--

SLAM

--I'm going to see if I can add your friend before the cops show up.

What the--?!

SKREEEEECH

Time to sell off your wares, sucker.

Still got it, *heh*...

CHFF

Maybe part of this game is dealing with the unpredictable.

KLK

And I get it, you don't have to wear a mask to deal with *that*...

...but this lifestyle makes you tense, paranoid...

CRSHSH

...sucks to look over your shoulder all the time.

But I can't think about that now.

BOOM

TO BE CONTINUED...

Seriously, *#@*% my instincts!

GET BACK HERE!

NEXT:

BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
FINCH